FACTS AND FANCIES TO BE FOUND IN A MEDIUM DIRECTORY.

Thirty-one Places in New York and Brook lyn Where Spirits of All Sorts May He Consulted, to the Greater or Less Edification of Those Who Seek Them.

Despite the recent discouragements to the mediumistic profession resulting from the ex-posure in Paris of the poculiar materialization methods of Mrs. Mary E. Williams, the spirit business in this neighborhood seems to be going right of at the same old stand. Meetings of all the kinds that the spirits take part in are held almost every day, and the active entities of Koot Hoomi and of Mahatma Morya, late of Thibet, but now in easis ledgings at the Desert of Gobi, are kept hustling to supply the demand for Mahatma-inspired messages. Recently they, or some other mighty masters

have inspired some one in this city to get out a directory of mediums, which is brimful of oteric and astral information. It contains not only a list of places where, upon payment of the price, one may have either materialization with messages, slate writing, advice from supermatural sources regarding business or anything cise by mediums who will fall into a psychic ce on being confronted with a \$2 bill, scientific astrology by experts who can yank a Yogi down from the constellation of Pisces while you wait, but also a full list of meetings and a catacoive instruction and edification.

A giance over the directory of wraith comlers shows that the greatest number do business as "spiritual, trance, psychic, and business mediums," of whom there are no less than thirty-one in this city and Brooklyn. Apparently the trolley town has more affinity with the n of the mediums under the heading given Hve across the bridge. Women, probably on ount of their more emotional organization. the spirits, seem to have the best pull, as of the thirty-one mediums no less than twenty-two

"Materialization" boasts seven exponents, including the sainted but somewhat exploded Mrs. Williams, who taps a fresh batch of ghoets every Tuesday and Thursday evening and Sat-urday afternoon at her home on West Fortysixth street. Only one man appears in this ad-vanced class, and he is in partnership with his other. When it comes to astrology, the sterner sex comes forward, and of the five cientific astrologists" who follow the planets in their course only two are women. On the other hand all three of the mediums who offer ornamental specimens of Mahatma handwriting are ladies. Prices vary in all these forms of the profession, but in general admission to general ances is \$1, while private sittings, materializations, or slate writings, cost \$2 an exhibit. Some give sittings to ladies only and foretell matters of interest purely feminine, and many advertise sittings by appointment only.

In the matter of meetings the followers of the Mahatmas come out strong. They have fourteen sets of services weekly, equally divided be-tween New York and Brooklyn. The very names of some of these meetings carry convic-tion. There is the "afternoon meeting for

names of some of these meetings carry conviction. There is the "afternoon meeting for facts and phenomena," the "soul communion meeting," the "advance spiritual conference," the "spiritual thought society meeting," and finally the gathering of the New York Psychical Society, whereof a man bearing the mystic name of Snines predicates the presence of "good music, live topics, and stirring tests."

In literature, too, the masters, through their disciples, have done much. They advertise something like a score of magazines, ranging in price from \$1 to \$5, and any number of books on hypnotism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, Theosophy, occultism, astrology, phrenology, free thought, and hygiene, in all of which subjects the Mahatmas would seem to take an astral and paternal interest. This list includes such writings as "Why She Became a Spiritualist," "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist," and "Glimpses Beyond the Border." Of the authoress of this latter the presiding Mahatma has felt constrained to write with the inspired pen of his advertising apostle:

"She is known by a large public to be of sound mind and unquestioned veracity, and she assures her readers that she can vouch for the accuracy of the incidents related."

But, most astonishing of all, is the final advertisement in the spiritual pamphlet. "Crystal balls for astrologers, seers, and mediumistic persons, \$5." This looks as if the Mahatmas were either going into the business of manufacturing or had turned promoters and were booming an Asiatic mine, is it possible that they have struck a vein of quarts at the foot of the Himalayas, or will the bold word traveller on his world-encircling bleycle wheel into the fastnesses of the Desert of Gobiat some future time only to find himself confronted by a flourishing glass factory bearing the bold word traveller on his world-encircling beyone meeting as factory to the series of the Desert of Gobiat some future time only to find himself confronted by a flourishing glass factory bearing the bod more future time only

THE WHOLE PLOCK EATEN.

SCHANTON, Dec. 6.—In the spring a big flock of English sparrows appeared on the farm of Nathan P. Shutts, in Eldred, and began at once harrass the native song birds. They attempted to take possession of a row of swallows' nests beneath the eaves of the barn, and at first the swallows made as if they were going to permit it. A few hours later, though, the swallows deand in less than a day they whaled the sparrows so thoroughly that the intruders were forced to quit. Next the sparrows squatted on the cordwelling. There they ran up against the house wrens. The cheerful and confiding little song birds had already established homes for the sparrows made their lives miserable. They fought like fury to retain possession of their cosey abodes, but the unruly English birds outnumbered them ten to one, and the songeters

were obliged to move out. When the sparrows had got settled they started to raise hob with the robins. The redbreasts were numerous in the neighborhood, and they had the reputation of not meddling with the affairs of other birds. They were not used to being molested, and they mar-shalled their forces and soundly thrashed the sparrows whenever the chirping squat-June Mrs. Shutts saw two sparrows claw a baby robin from a nest in the yard and pick it to pieces. The parents of the dead fiedgling returned to the nest just in time to spy their little one in the claws of the murderous sparrows on the grass. With cries of anger they darted down and attacked the cruel birds. One of the sparrows got away, but the enraged robins of the sparrows got away, but the enraged routs cornered the other in some tall grass, where they thumped and pecked it till it couldn't fly. A lot of squalling sparrows came to the rescue of the cripple, and the roblins retreated to their nexts. Other robins flew to the apot shortly, and a pitched battle between them and the sparrows ensued. The robins whipped the sparrows, drove them into their holes, and killed the crippled murderer.

ensued. The robins whipped the sparrows, drove them into their holes, and killed the crippled murderor.

After several more unsuccessful attempts to master the robins, the sparrows began to worry the swallows again. They stole eggs from the nests under the eaves, and tore the linings from the swallows again. They stole eggs from the nests. They also interfered with some native song sparrows, and they drove a nair of orioles away from the yard. Late in June the sparrows ran up against a family of kingbirds and got a worse whipping than from the robins. Early in July Mrs. Shutts noticed that the sparrows were not so numerous as they had been. A day or so later she saw a pair of keatrels hovering over the road at a point near the yard where the sparrows had been in the habit of wallowing in the dust. The little hawks were simpended from cords, and they peered downward intently. Presently a bunch of sparrow sailed out of the yard, alighted in the road, and proceeded to dust themselves vigorously. Simultaneously the watchful kestrels abot earthward as though they had been fired from guns, diving into the midst of the fluttering group of sparrows. Each hawk nailed a sparrow in a twinkling, and was up and away with his pray before the others realized that something unusual had happened to two of their companions. The wideawake heatrels sailed to the woods, and the attended sparrows flew to the house foad for hearly half a hour before the sparrows settled down to dust their plumage. They had no somer done so than the ficres little birds of pray dived like lightning, swooped up a pair of the negonaclous English birds, and bore them swittly away toward the flumber. The flock of sparrows continued to decrease from day to day, the sarviving members not seeming to guard them-elves against the swooping of their merciles enemies. The kestrels kept nabbing the sparrows out it they had alaughtered the whole flows and during the rest of the season the native song bigs on Mr. Shutte's place enjoyed life to they accomplete the for

NOW THE ATMOSPHERS IS HAR NESSED FOR MAN'S BENEFIT.

It Cleane Cars, Russ Locomotives, Brills Books, Operates Clocks, Calks Ships, and Boes Many Other Useful Things. From the Chicago Becord.

Railroad passengers are frequently surprised by the unexpected entrance into the cars of a group of chattering, bareheaded women. Those who do not recognize them as car cleaners and dusters wonder who they are and how they boarded the train. The women usually appear several blocks from the terminal station, and so proficient are they in the art of "flipping" a train that the engineers do not come to a full stop when they see their feather dusters and brooms beside the track, but reduce the speed somewhat and the women swing on as neatly as brakemen. When the last passenger has left the train the women take possession of the cars. They are all healthy and muscular, quick with the broom and active with the feather duster They are all healthy and muscular, quick with the broom and active with the feather duster and chamois akin, and by the time the cars are thrown on the cleaning switch they have the floors well cleaned of peanut shells, paper, and clear stubs, and are ready for the seal cushions. On some of the roads the women still carry the cushions outside of the car and beat the dust from them by whipping them with willow beaters. But compressed air has taken the piace of the paddle on most of the roads. The hose which contains the compressed air is min into the car through a window or door, and the women, handling it as they would a garden hose sprinkling the grass, turn the jet of hissing air upon the plush cushions and the dust flies out. No whisk broom, willow paddle, leather strap, or beater can get at the dust as compressed air foos. The ist searches every crack and cranny and drives the dust from the very wood itself. Sometimes the women turn the air upon the window casing and in a jiffy it is clean of dust. The man who makes air compressed cited this novel use of compressed air as another point in favor of the claim made by his craft that compressed air was put outside of stopping trains, drilling rock, and inflating bicycle tires. "Electricians think that this is the electrical aga," he said. "Well, perhaps it is, so far as lighting, telephoning, telegraphing, and welding goes, but when it comes to the transmission of power they are talking two much. They have worked and studied for years to make an electric rock drill, but they have not succeeded. They have worked and studied for years to make an electric train brake which would bring a limited express train to a full

power they are talking two much. They have worked and studied for years to make an electric rock drill which would take the place of the air drill, but they have not succeeded. They have tried to make an electric train brake which would bring a limited express train to a full stop sooner than the automatic air brakes will do it, but they are so far behind that they will never catch up. It will not be long before street cars will be running with compressed air as the motive power, and they will be safer, more easily controlled, will run as fast, will stop quicker, will wear longer, and will be operated at less expense than the best electric system they can put on rails. With a good air compressor air at any pressure can be stored up in a reservoir or steel tank, and can be taken to any point within reasonable distance as economically and with less waste than electricity can be sent by wire. The air compressor is a pump which is part of a stationary engine. The piston in the air chamber first sucks the air in, and then forces it through a pipe to the reservoir. Of course the more air one pumps into the reservoir the greater pressure to the square inch one gets. The compressed air works like steam, except that it is cold and has not the expansive qualities of steam. But steam cannot be carried through pipes out of doors to any great distance, for it would lose its heat, would condense, and soon turn back to water.

"Cleaning cushions by compressed air is one way of using it that few people know of. Visitors to the sanitary canal are always interested in the rock drills which bore the holes for the dynamite cartridges, and almost everybody knows that the brakes of passenger trains are operated by compressed air.

"I know of a machine shop where there is not abelt, a plece of shafting, or an electric wire, for all the machinery, from a little emery wheel to a twenty-inc cran, is operated by compressed air.

"I know of a machine machine, bane machine, whether drill, planer, shears, lathe, bending rolls, milling machi

years. Now over 10,000 clocks are operated and regulated from the central clock by compressed air.

"The pneumatic-clock system installed in Paris twenty-five years ago was the beginning of the compressed-air central-power system, which supplies over 10,000 horse power to users in the French capital. It is used there for all purposes, from running clocks to operating dynamos for electric lights. The central station furnishes air at a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. It is sent around the city under the streets in pipes, and is sold to customers by meter, just as gas is.

"The solution of the smoke problem in Chicago is easy. Put a central power station where the smoke will bother no one, and from this station send electricity, high-pressure water, or compressed air to the business centre and to the stock yards. The cheapest power that can be used in this way is compressed air. Elevators, printing presses, wood and iron working machinery, and, in fact, anything operated by steam can be operated by compressed air under the pavements of Chicago streets, and there will be no smoke if the tugboats and locomotives can be subdued."

Asphalt used for street paving is refined by compressed air. In its original shape, just as it comes from Trinidad, asphalt is to soft for

day we shall have pipes for compressed air under the pavements of Chicago streets, and there will be no smoke if the tugboats and locomotives can be subdued."

Asphalt used for street paving is refined by compressed air. In its original shape, just as it comes from Trinidad, asphalt is too soft for street paving and is not homogeneous. To refine it the asphalt is boiled in kettles for three or four days, and while the heat is on it must be constantly stirred. Pipes with numerous holes are placed in the bottom of the kettle, and while the asphalt is boiling compressed air is from the control of the boiling compressed air is from the control of the surface and the surface and the surface the control of the surface and the surface and the saphalt shabes on the surface at the laid of the kettle, but at the end of three days the asphalt has become so thin that the air makes it boil in little bubbles, and it is then drawn off in barrels, where it cools hard and ever.

In France they make a sort of slik from wood pulp by the aid of compressed air. The wood pulp is put through a chemical process which changes it to a sticky substance like gelatine. It is then placed in a closed tank and compressed air is introduced. The air first presses the substance through a filter and then into a smaller tank which is under the large one. This tank is in a horisontal position, and from it spring hundreds or glass pipes, in each of which the hole is about the size of a slik fibre. The wood pulp is forced through these thiny holes and compressed air mot only draws the paint (say the holes and compressed air mot only draws the paint (say the holes and compressed air not only draws the paint (say the holes and compressed air on paints of the big shipyards of Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, where Government armored cruisers are built all the calking of war ships is done by compressed air, and one compressed air not only draws the paint from the tube to the place where it is to be used, but, by atomic the solution in the substant has a subst

From the Chicago Bathy Fribnas.

It was Sunday evening. They were standing in a North Side drug store—he and she—apparantly waiting for a street car. He was stifred in a swell sult, with high slik hat, pastest seather shoes, and wore a large chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. She was arrayed in an eigenst suit of—but never mind.

She stepped up to the counter, bought a little buttle of perfomery, took a small purse from her pocket, opened it, and then with some embarrasment went back and epoke to the young man. He smiled a ghastly amile and replied in an undertons.

Then he stepped up to the counter again, handed back the little bottle of perfumery, and nebody in the drug store apoke a word for five minutes.

Who says all the misery in this world is con-

LONG YEARS AND SOFT LIVING WERE DICK GREGG'S LOT.

When He Saw It and Broke the Eccord for Longevity-Would Brook No Bival. HARTFORD, Dec. 8.—Hartford's great old cat. the oldest in the Nutmeg State, perhaps in the world, the distinguished Dick Gregg, is no more. His age was 24 years and 7 months. He died in his home with the Greggs on Capen street, in which he had spent nearly twenty years of his life; and he drew his last breath there, with the corrowing family about him, in the same methodical, philosophic, unemotional, and tranquil way in which he had carried on breathing dur-

ing the twenty-four years and seven months in which it had been his principal chore. Dick was never spasmodic or paroxysmal in any sense. The plain fact is, he was extremely tender of himself, and he never meant to strain himself; having evidently concluded very early in life, after the manner of some human exponents of longevity, that the best way to discharge his duty to the world was to remain in it just as long and comfortably as possible—at somebody slee's expense; in this instance, the Greggs's. Consequently he condescended to tolerate perpetual household adoration, to permit a worship-ping family circle to wait on him all the days of his life and dandle him in his velvet-quilted and crimson-colored couch.

Dick's early life, the first four years of it, was spent mainly in the unpropitious streets of Hartford, and it was at that period that he learned to recognize a soft thing when he saw it. One cold day, twenty years ago, he slunk into the market of the late George Brown in the Dervaly building, just south of the Un derbill House, and he was hungry and forlorn. Mr. Gregg, who was managing the business took pity on him and saked him to dinner. Dick accepted the invitation promptly. In ner. Dick accepted the invitation promptly. In return, all the afternoon he purred thankfully about Mr. Gregg's feet, getting good-humoredly in his way most of the time, and involuntarily tripping him. Never having had kindnesses and favors showered on him before. Dick was grateful for things in those days. He grew wiser presently. That night he soberly stalked home with his orand-new master, brimming over with delight, though; and having spent the night in the cosey Capen street home, and sagely concluding that Mr. Gregg had a soft thing there, he resolved to cotton to him and take his share of it. That settled it, and that's about all there was of hardship in Dick's biography. He stuck tightly to his benefactors, and fared daintily on the choicest viands; and on his side permitted them and thair friends to worship him without stint or reservation, an act of toleration, considering that a cat does not feel like being mopped with human caresses, that was not altogether devoid of self-abnegation, perhaps, in itself.

Dick was about always at home, reclining on his cushioned divan, basking in the firelight, or laxily posed on his hanches, partaking of his picurean victuals in a half-bored, silken way. He never quarrelled or fought with other catshe had everything they coveted, hence it didn't pay; and he seldom went far from his lap of luxury, fearing, doubtless, lest the lap, perchance, might get away from him in any prolonged absence.

Indeed, he was so altogether sure of himself and his social and political status in Capen street, moreover, that he did manifest a little return, all the afternoon he purred thankfully

pay; and he seldom went far from his lap of iuxury, fearing, doubtless, lest the lap, perchance, might get away from him in any prolonged absence.

Indeed, he was so altogether sure of himself and his social and political status in Capen street, moreover, that he did manifest a little spirit, a spasm of perversity possibly indispensable in such a coloriese surfeit of good fortune; but it did not snap—on the contrary, it served only to demonstrate—the tenacity of the tendrils that linked him in the affections of all the Greggs. It was three years ago, after Dick had dweit with them exactly seventeen years, that the family, oblivious of the fact that monumental self-esteem, particularly after having been imbedded in a soft thing for seventeen long years, is not likely to brook a rival, coaxed a kitten, an inexperienced young thing, home with them one day, and set out to make a fair divey of their devotion, 75 to 80 percent, of it to Dick, and the rest to the juvenile stranger. But Dick wouldn't have it—it was the whole or nothing with him. So, in dudgeon, straightway he marched out of the house, hair up and tail down, and went and spent it e night with the family of a neighbor. Everybe dy knew Dick, the whole length of Capen street; and while the neighbor thought it strange that he should drop in on him in a groutly, taciturn style at a late hour of the night, he asked no questions, but accorded to the elderly and distinguished guest a hearty welcome. And, in his wrongheaded and jealoms obstinacy, there Dick stayed, very nearly till the day of his death. Still he had a warm place in his heart for his old home, which occasionally thawed out the rest of that organ, so, now and then on a sunny afternoon he brushed up his whiskers and dropped in on the Greggs. He was made much of by them, or course. They smoothed out Dick's old couch, mounted him in it, and petted and fed and patted him until, in a mood of his earny stermon he be intended in the late of the search and solf-expartriation.

Dick was a very handsome fel

home of the Gregge, when he was youthfully wild and inexperienced. He got into a quarrel, it appears, with a street cat, and the street cat took one of his eyes.

Dick's obsequies were attended with many and ceremonious honors. He was buried in a pine box in the Gregge's kitchen garden, at the back of the house on Capen street. Dick's most illustrious achievement, of course, was his attainment in the way of longevity. Ordinarily a stanch cat lives to be about a dozen years old, now and then one gets to be 15 or 16; rarely a cat scores 18 years, and no one about here ever heard of a cat climbing up in time to be over 20 years old, before.

FITZGERALD'S MIDNIGHT FISHING. States Island Mosquitors Got Him, but He Couldn't Get the Frogs.

"Everybody knows Jack Fitzgerald of the City Hall," said Tommy Monaghan of Carroll's Hotel, at Giffords, Staten Island, the other evening to a party of friends. "He is the champion practical joker of New York, and a pretty fly fellow at that, But let me tell you how we fooled him right here one night last summer. 'He came down to spend the day, and he did

spend it, and the night, too. Oh, he had a glorious time of it! But the mosquitoes mangled him and put him in a bad humor. All day we could not get him to eat anything. He said he was fat enough. But at about midnight his appetite came back to him.

"'What have you got to fill in?' said he.
"'Nothing,' said I; 'you can't get anything here at this hour of the night. What do you think we are?"

"'What a God-forsaken hole this Staten Island is!' he shouted. 'Nothing in it for a fellow to eat, and the howling mosquitoes sucking his blood!" "'Hold on!' I said 'I think I can fix you up a

splendid feed. Can you eat frogs' legs?'
"'Can I eat a barrol of frogs' legs?' said he.
"'Wall. I'll have them ready in about fifteen minutes.' I said.
"So I opened the ice box and made believe I was astonished at finding no frogs' legs there.
"'Here, Mike!' I shouted, 'where's them frogs' legs!

"No I opened the ice bor and made believe I was astonished at finding no frogs legs there. "Here, Mike!" I shouted, 'where's them frogs' legs?"
"What frogs' legs that I put in there this morning,' said I.
"Them frogs' legs that I put in there this morning,' said I.
"I saw no frogs' legs,' retorted Mike.
"Them I swore and made believe I was awful mad. But, says I, never mind; there is plenty of frogs in the pond. Mike, get me a fresh piece of red fiannel and that blue fish line. Mike brought the materials. Then I says to Jack. Did you ever fish for frogs." Jack asys. 'New,' I never fished for frogs." I sake asys. 'New,' I never fished for frogs."
"Well, I says. 'It beats bluefishing all to pieces. Come on."
"That's right, Jack, 'said Dave Coghlin. 'I never saw such a place for frogs.
"So out we all three went to the ice pend. Of course, there never was a frog in the blooming pond. If a frog fell into it he'd die. Hut we planted Jack on the edge of the water and gave him the line. Dave said: 'Oh, I'm too sleepy to bother with you frog fishers now. I'm going to bed, itsood night.' And off he went and hid behind the icehouse. After about five minutes Jack says.

"You fullows are fooling me. There aiu't no frogs here!"
"Just then Dave, who was behind the icehouse tried to crosk like a frog, ouacked like a duck. But, for all that, the other City Hall Grock never tumbled.

"J'm blessed of cronking like a frog, ouacked like a duck. But, for all that, the other City Hall Grock never tumbled.

"J'm blessed if there ain't frogs here after ali!' he said. 'Cortainly: throw your line over there where they are. So he got over the little fence to get close to the water. Just where I wanted him to go, for there the mind is like a soop greene. He gave a grand flourtah with the line, and sa he threw if out over he want him the pond.

"I tottered back behind the ieshouse and ioined lave. When Jack got ye the pond, and if you want to have fun with him now just ask him how he likes frogs' legs.

MAHATMAS KEPT ON TAP. DONE BY COMPRESSED AIR. THE OLDEST NUTMEG CAT. THE TRAMP OF THE PLAINS. WILD GEESE AS DECOYS. BEING IN A STATE OF EFOLUTION DESPISED ON ALL SIDES.

> Life Is Made the Unpleasant for Him that He Generally Ends by Recoming a Good Cities or a Besperado Cowboy Tramps. DENVER, Dec. 4 .- There is a strong bond of sympathy among tramps the world over. The unmistakable trait of shiftlessness is found in them all. The same wavering along the divid-ing line between the life of a vagabond and the career of a criminal is common, whatever the nationality or condition of the tramp may be. In some these characteristics are medified, in others they are prominent and easily observed. Tramps in the West surpass tramps of the East in every particular. Their worthlessness is more confirmed, their spirit of wandering more pronounced. Their recklesaness, their poverty, their resources, their effrontery, in short, all their characteristics outstrip those of of the West merges into the desperado is hard to say. All vagabonds of the plains are dishones and willing to do anything that will bring mone into their clutch. Most of them are too lazy or too shiftiess to become desperate outlaws. The life of the outlaw is a hard one. He who lives it must always be on the alert. He must improve every opportunity, losing not one chance. He must be fearless and must have plenty of nerve. His ends can only be accomplished by staking his life against another. The tramp fancies none of this. He loves life too well to continually place it in the balance. Moreover, the desperado is a busy man. That fact alone bars the tramp. But while the tramp is not a desperade in the Western acceptance of the term, his surround-

ings compel him to adapt in a measure the methods of the dasperado. The result is that the tramp lives half outlawed. Desperadoes despise bim because he has not the get-up to be come a full-fledged outlaw. Law-abiding citi zens loathe him. They regard the desperado as a man whose courage in a measure atones for his crimes. It is this feeling on the part of the two classes of Western people that makes the tramp's life among them hard at all times and requently unendurable. Eastern tramps are aware of this state of affairs in the West, and they wisely stay away. The feeling of the people does not assume the form of open hostility. It nanifests itself in the guise of indifference. The tramp finds himself ignored. He asks for food and does not get it. He seeks a bed and does not find it. He begs for money,

manifests itself in the guise of indifference. The tramp finds himsel ignored. He assas for food and does not get it. He seeks a bed and does not find it. He beys for money, but remains pennices. He endures this state of affairs as long as possible. Then he either becomes a citizen who earns his living by jertifinate labor, or an outlaw who is not yet plunged deep in crime. In either event he bettgra himself. One difference between the Eastern tramp and the Westers tramp is this: Crime in the East frequently makes a man a tramp; crime in the West frequently makes a man a tramp; crime in the West frequently makes a man a tramp; crime in the West frequently makes a tramp a main. This, of course, from the Western standpoint. For ou the plains it is more honorable to be a desperador than a tramp.

It will readily be seen that no tramp remains a tramp iong in the West. The make-up of the floating population of tramps changes countinutly although its general character emains the same. When a description of the typical tramp of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the man who has not yet really settled down once, is undergoing a change in a best of the country of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the purisher of the himself of the country of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the purisher of the country of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the purisher of the himself of the country of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the purisher of the himself of the country of the plains is given, therefore, it must be a description of the purchase to end the country of the plains of the purchase of the country of the plain of the purchase of the country of the plain of the purchase of the plain of the purchase of the p

TRAINED TO CALL THE MICRATING

This Is in Myde County, N. C., Where Al Came Is Pleatiful. The Decays Seem to Enjoy the Sport-Deer that Bogs Mave to He Trained Especially to Hunt.

"If there is another place within any kind of eccessible distance from New York where the ise for his gun than along the reedy shores of Hyde county, North Carolina, on the many inty, I would like to know where it is," said Dr. Wrean of Penn Yan, an enthusiastic and travelled sportsman. "As soon as the rigors of the Northern winter set in, wild swan, wild geese, and wild ducks canvasbacks, mallards, red-heads, and all the choice varieties begin to drop down in thousands in the Hyde county and adjacent waters, and for months delight the gunner by their persistent presence. Especially do those waters seem to be an at-

raction for wild grees, which are the smartest, willest, and most suspicious of all the wild fowl that congregate down there. Even in spite of their numbers, and with the novel and effective way geese are hunted on the Hyde county waters, a man mustn't go there with the idea that all he has to do is to squat in his blind, blaze away, and gather in his game, for if he oes he will be disappointed. The novelty in wild goose hunting in that locality is the use of live decoys, the actual training of wild geese to lure as captives their free kindred to destruc tion. Years ago, so many that no one remem bers the time, some Hyde county hunter wounded a wild goose, captured it, and took it home alive. It recovered, and began to lay eggs. After it had laid a couple of dozen or so of eggs, the goose wanted to set, and they set her. She hatched out a big broad of goslings, and they were genu the wild ones. Then the owner of this broad of wild goslings got the idea that when the young geese were large enough he might utilize them as decoys for wild geese. He gave his idea a trial. The result proved that it was a great idea, and ever since then the raising and training of wild geese to be used in making the goose hunt more successful has been a regular industry on that part of the North Carolina coast,

"The bottom of Pamilico Sound, along the shores, is of snow-white sand, and in it are the nutritive roots of the plants on which the wild

the contribution of the would support the purcher provider's horse coult in the would said the purcher provider's horse coult in the would said the purcher provider's horse coult in the would said the purcher provider and goose and they were a spanned to its said pas a pascher. He alone the purcher provider and goose and they are a part of the pascher provider and goose and the provider provider and goose and the provider and goose and goose and the provider and goose and goose and provider and goose and

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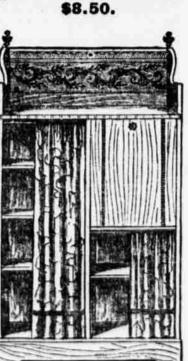
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able fowl and create a disastrous panic among the other decoys, so I shot the gander. The old goose, his mate, mide to my astonishment, was not frightened away by the report of the gun, but remained to take up her dead mate's quarrel; so I shot her, too. The voung greese, of course, were off at the first sound of the gun.

"Old Dick seed to get off his sood when we were through hunting, round up the other decoys and help get them into the coop or bag and then walk in himself. I shally the hunter must be tareful in his shooting and not shoot over the heads of his decoy greese, or he will spoil them. So wild greese hunters in Hyde county wait until their game works to either one side or the other of the decoys, and is some distance away before they fire. Rare Old Dick sould calculate to a nicety when a goose had got far enough away so that he might expect the hunter to shoot. Then he would acrooch down cings to the water until the gun went off. If the shot wasn's a goosi one. Dick would jaw and jabber and show great temper, but if the shot knocked the goose over, he would report jaw and jabber and show great temper, but if the shot knocked the goose over, he would report jaw and jabber and show great temper, but if the shot knocked the goose over, he would report jaw and jabber and show great temper, but if the shot knocked the goose over, he would report jaw and jabber and show great temper, but if the shot knocked the goose over, he would report jaw and jabber and show great temper in the Hyde county woods are very plantiful hut they are smaller than their Northern countries and never gun and they are maller than their Northern countries and never gun and they would a proceed the decompany of the first of the decoys, and they get county woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woods that he deer leave no ground trail, the woo